

LITERARY GEMS.

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THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

By W. F. Hawley.

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They came from the depths of the pathless wood,
Like shades of the olden time;
But they wore the garb of the holy and good,
Of another and distant clime:
Quickly a dim and lonely home
Arose as if by a spell,
With its Gothic door and humble dome,
And many a shadowy cell.

Their bell was heard at the vesper hour
To peal through the forest around;
The wild-deer rush'd from his leafy bower,
And the red man leap'd at the sound.
Its tone was borne o'er the prairie away,
And re-echo'd again and again;
But no prayer was heard at the close of day,
Nor sound of the vesper strain.

Yet many a kneeling form was there,
At the sound of the vesper-bell;
But whether their thoughts were of Heaven in prayer,
Or of earth, but ONE may tell;—
But ONE may tell if their hearts were proud—
If their visions did not remain
With those they had known, and fondly loved,
But never might see again.

A strange, mysterious mound was near
The Temple, which they had made,
Where the dead of many a by-gone year
By an unknown race were laid:—
They planted the maize upon that mound,
And it grew on its solemn place,
And its broad leaves waved with a rustling sound
O'er the bones of a fallen race.

Bright were the flowers in the early dew,
Which bloom'd in their rude parterre;
But they told no tale, as they upward grew,
Of the dead, who slumber'd there:—
Of the mighty dead, who had pass'd away
From the earth, and left no trace
Of what they had been, or had done in their day,
But their final resting-place.

When the evening sun went down in flame—
When he burst from the golden wave—
Summer and winter, those Monks were the same—
Silent, and stern as the grave.
They came like dreams of the silent night—
Like dreams they have pass'd away—
Leaving their flowers to a lonely blight,
And their home to its wild decay!

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THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

By the author of the "Usurer's Daughter."

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"Days indeed are soon gone; they surprise us that they come so soon, and depart so quickly. But how wearily do they come, and how painfully do they depart, when the spirit is in suspense; when hope and fear have their conflict in the mind, each alternately and in rapid movement presenting its pictures to the imagination! Mary Faithful grew more and more feeble, she descended more and more rapidly as she approached the last steps which lead into the valley of

the shadow of death. Recently, days had done the work of months; and now hours were doing the work of days—for there was a change every hour. When the day dawned, it was doubtful whether she should see its close; and when the shadows of evening fell upon them, they feared for her, that her eyes would not open on the light of another day. Why should they dread the placid parting of a pure spirit from the feeble prison of an exhausted frame? How is it, that when a family is in affliction, and when hope itself grows dim among them, they should grieve to part with any of their number? Is it that sorrow grows more intense by solitude? Painful as it is to say 'Farewell' to a dying friend, it is yet more painful that the separation should have taken place without it. So exhausted was the sufferer, and so slender was the thread on which the remains of her life were suspended, that the family feared to be long away from her bedside, lest in the interval she should depart. And now, when the conflict was nearly over, if conflict it might be called with her who struggled not against death's approaches, and dreaded not its day of darkness, she said to those around her, faintly yet distinctly, 'Dear, dear friends,—father—mother—sister—the dream of life is almost over, and now that it is vanishing, I feel it indeed to have been but a dream. I have a faint recollection of smiles and tears, of a passionate interest in life, of hopes and fears, of a sad revulsion of spirit, in which the heart seemed to break when we were taken from our own old home. But now that all is past, I look upon joy and sorrow as one; and I hope I speak it not presumptuously or profanely, when I say that the darkness and the light are both alike to me; for in the past I see a beautiful picture drawn by the Eternal artist.—Oh, how beautiful and good has life been to me! I thought not of its blessings as they passed, I stood too near the work to see its beauty: I beheld it unfinished, therefore I saw it imperfectly. It is now finished, and I now see how good it is. It is past—it is gone as to its joys and sorrows and selfish feelings; but evanescent as have been its outward and visible forms, its spirit and its invisible substance are in my heart a spring of everlasting gratitude and praise.' She rested awhile, and there was no reply, for the hearts of those around her were too full to speak; but she knew by the gentle and alternate pressure of their hands on her's, that they heard and heeded what she said, and though her sight was growing dim, so that she could but imperfectly discern their countenances, she could just distinguish that their eyes were glittering with unshed tears. She resumed, 'Why should you weep? unless it be that tears are a holier and deeper manifestation of gratitude than smiles and placid looks. We are not forsaken—why should we be cast down? The world has forsaken us to shew that God has not. The world is a veil which hideth the Creator from his creatures.—From our eyes that veil hath been withdrawn, and we see our Maker's goodness and his presence too.' Then Ferdinand Faithful found strength to speak, and he said, 'My dear child, it is indeed a joy to our hearts, to see you thus cheerfully resigned, yet even in our joy on your behalf we have sorrow on our own. I could have wished that you should have watched my departing breath, and closed my weary eyes.' 'I leave behind me,' she replied, 'those who will perform that duty for you. In death I feel that it is not the dying who is to be pitied.' There was silence again, which none dared or wished to break. They looked at the patient and at one another, and almost suspended their own breathing, that they might listen to hers. Life parted so gradually and so quietly, that they who

sat watching by, knew not that it was gone. The sufferer was at rest, and they who had loved her through life wept abundantly. 'The very injunction, 'Weep not for me,' is the surest prompter of human tears.'—*Lit. Gaz.*

SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE.

"There is one feature in scenery, which has received little or no attention from our professed landscape improvers, but which it would be unpardonable to omit in any account professing to treat of the scenery and landscape of Scotland. We allude to the glens and ravines, with which almost every part of the country abounds, both in the Highlands and Lowlands, formed by the narrow beds and more or less precipitous banks of those innumerable rivulets and mountain streams, by which the hilly grounds are everywhere indented and intersected. The characters of these glens are as diverse as that of the countries they intersect, varying from the mildest and richest beauty, up to the sublime of savage horror. Rock, wood, and water, form the materials of them all, but these are combined in a variety that may well be called infinite. In Glencoe, we see every variety of rugged and precipitous rocks, frowning around in terrific majesty. In the ravine of the Foyers, this is combined with the rush and roar of mighty cataracts. Less terrific than these, are the ravine and falls already mentioned of Bruar, the Cauldron Linn upon the Devon, and various parts of Glen Tilt, where the scenes formed by precipitous rocks and foaming waterfalls, are softened and shaded by overhanging woods and vocal groves. From these we pass to the fairy bowers of Moness, the far-famed Birks of Aberfeldy, the description of which by our rustic bard is not more poetical than literally correct.

"The birks ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
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capitates itself into a darksome den, forming a cascade of no great height, but the sound of which is reverberated from the opposite rocks, in such a way as to give it the effect of a much larger fall. The opposite bank, above the rocks, is steep and high, covered with hazels and other brushwood, while a few picturesque firs, happily placed, vary its objects, and offer good objects for the pencil. Farther up, the rivulet works its way over a rocky but not a steep bed, round another field or haugh overhung with woods, chiefly oak, growing upon the surrounding banks. From this we pass to another narrow den, where a rustic bridge has been thrown across, just below another little fall entirely shaded with oaks and hazels. Above this, on one side, we have a small but neat picturesque plat of green-sward, girt round with magnificent oaks, through which we see the rivulet brawling down its rocky course; and beyond it a fine hanging bank of wood of considerable height, almost excluding the light of the sun. The wood on the other side is thinner, and of no great depth, but the trees are of considerable age and dimensions. This green plat, with its accompaniments, have struck more than one, as suited to the performance of the play in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Passing from this scene, we have on the left a frowning rock of considerable height. Part of this is bare and overhanging; on either side is a continuation of the same rock, partially covered with soil and shaded by trees, some of them bent and hanging over in picturesque and varied forms; the peeps and views thro' which at various points, might afford endless studies to the young painter.

Above this, we have another glade or opening, the steep banks opposite covered with wood, and shewing occasional points of rock and trees, in conspicuous and picturesque positions. Another turn of the glen brings us just over a third fall, or rather rapid, which we hear only, but do not perfectly see, owing to the steepness of the bank and the thickness of the underwood. The effect of the rushing water here, joined with the shade of the trees, is refreshing, and invites to rest on one of the numerous seats. Farther on we have another den, still narrower and darker than any of the preceding, at the head of which we have a fourth fall entirely closed in with rocks, trees, and undergrowth. Nothing can exceed the coolness and the sense of entire seclusion inspired by this scene, when we descend to the surface of the water in a panting summer's day. Above this point, the country opens, the glen loses its character of seclusion, and the rivulet appears to wind through fields of a tame and ordinary cast. In returning, however, we have an opportunity of viewing the same objects from above, in totally different points of view, from which they sometimes appear in such a way as to produce the happiest effects; every step we take affording a different combination."

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS COACHMAN.

Former numbers of the *Atlas* have given several of Mrs. Trollope's sketches of scenes and incidents in the United States; and it is therefore the more proper that we should add to them the following by Mr. Stuart—whose work has just appeared:—*Atlas*.

"Finding that there was not at present any public conveyance from Glen's Falls to Caldwell, on Lake George, nine miles, we contracted, on the evening of our arrival, with a stage hirer for a barouche to carry us next morning at seven to Lake George.

In the morning, I found a barouche, rather a better looking one than usual, in all respects, already at the hotel door, when I appeared before the appointed hour to give notice, that, on account of the indisposition of one of our party, it would be impossible to set out before nine o'clock. 'That will not suit me so well,' said the driver, as, after hearing what I had said, he was driving from the door. Such a remark from him

struck us at the moment as strange, but made of course no great impression. At nine we started. Soon afterwards the driver leaned back from the driving seat, which was not much above the level of the seats in the barouche, and addressed some general remarks to us as strangers; but the sunshine was at the time so overpowering, and one of our party still so much annoyed with headache, that he must have observed our indisposition to enter into conversation with him, and he afterwards contented himself with answering such questions as we put to him. He showed us, however, that he had perfect knowledge of the country, and of the dreadful scenes of which it had in former times been the theatre, and that he was a very different person in point of education and information from the coachmen of our own country; but he had taken the hint, which he conceived we intended to give him, and now confined his answers pretty closely to our questions. The country is sandy and stony, but there are fine hills in the distance, and the prospect of the lake, surrounded by mountains, very beautiful, in descending from higher grounds on Caldwell, the village, or rather country town, at the south-western edge of the lake. Caldwell has been but recently built, but it contains public buildings of all kinds,—a jail, being the county town of the county of Warren,—a newspaper,—and a great and charmingly situated hotel for strangers coming to see the lake or to fish.

Having arrived at Caldwell, we hired a small boat to take us out on the lake, and directed our charioteer to have the carriage ready as soon as a signal, which we arranged, should appear from our boat. The lake very much resembles the lakes of Westmoreland, and some of the Scotch lakes. Hilly country (mountainous it is called here, though none of it is above 1500 feet high) surrounds the lake on all sides. The shores are finely broken, and the lake itself sprinkled with a great number of beautiful islands, on one of which, where we landed, there is a tea-house. The waters of the lake are deep, and most transparent; and fish, especially red trout, is excellent, and most abundant. The lake is about thirty-six miles long, of very various breadth, nowhere exceeding four miles. On coming to the shore from the lake, the money which I had agreed to pay for the boat was refused. The sum promised, we were told, was for the boat itself, but not for navigating it. There was no redress, and we submitted without much grumbling to what we considered an imposition, remarking that this was the first time the Yankees had come Yorkshire over us. This settled, we were even more at a loss, for our driver was nowhere to be found, and we were ready to set out. Our signal from the boat had never been noticed. We did not know how to proceed, when a bystander, taking pity on us, said the driver is probably in the jail, pointing out the way to it. We set off in that direction, and met him coming from it. He made no excuse or apology, but set about preparing our conveyance. As soon as it was ready, we got into it, but the driver showed no symptoms of setting out. We asked the cause. He was waiting, he said, for the little boy he had brought out with him on the driving seat, and who would presently be with us. We began to think that the driver was disposed to treat us rather cavalierly; and I had almost asked him, whether he looked to the boy, for whom he was waiting, or to us, for the hire of the conveyance; but I recollected in time, that all altercation with the natives ought, if possible, to be avoided by persons travelling in a foreign country, and that the trouble of obtaining redress, even in cases which required it more, made it much wiser to submit in silence to a little inconvenience. We therefore sat for some time longer, whether patiently or impatiently I need not say, when I notice, that we were all well again, with a good appetite, and dinner waiting for us at Glen's Falls. In the meanwhile, we applied to the driver to give us a little of the information he had volunteered in the morning, but we found

him apparently not much inclined to be communicative. He had not, we presumed, forgotten the reception we had given him in the morning. This was provoking, as Caldwell and its neighbourhood comprehended the grounds on which the dreadful combats between the French and the British, between the years 1750 and 1760, were fought. We succeeded, however, at last, by being more than usually communicative ourselves, in satisfying the driver that we were not saucy travellers, and he got into good humour with us. The weary boy made his appearance, and we were off. The driver soon showed himself so well informed, that all anxiety about our dinner left us, and we stopped again and again to have pointed out to us, on the spot, the scenes of those battles, which he described almost as if he had been an eye-witness. Caldwell itself stands so nearly on the site of the ruins of the British Fort William Henry, that the batteries erected to attack it at the period alluded to, cross the street of the present village.

Mr. Henry Spencer, for we found that to be the name of our charioteer, made an easy transition from the battles of Lake George to those on the Hudson, fought by Burgoyne, about thirty miles from hence, on his well known unsuccessful expedition from Canada during the revolutionary war; but, as we intend to make an excursion from Saratoga Springs to the scene of Burgoyne's misfortunes, it is unnecessary at present to enter into details. Mr. Spencer, finding that we were from Edinburgh, afterwards described to us with great minuteness the system of schools and of teaching at present established in the state of New-York. The public funds appropriated to this purpose are great—a money income of about 200,000 dollars a year,—besides about a million acres of land, which are rapidly increasing in value. 500,000 children were last year taught, for about eight months of the year, out of a population of about 1,800,000, of which the state of New-York is understood to consist. Its extent is 46,000 square miles. In all the states, the provisions for public schools, though varying much, are very ample. The greatest fund is that of Connecticut, in New-England, in which, though the population is only 275,000, and the extent only 4764 square miles, the amount exceeds two millions of dollars. The system of teaching at present in use at the High School of Edinburgh was, we found, much better known to Mr. Spencer than to myself, though educated at that school. His attention had, he said, been particularly called to it, because the citizens of Glen's Falls had been considering various plans for a high school, and had given the preference to the Edinburgh school as their model. He expatiated on the advantages of education being placed in the power of all, especially in such a government as theirs, where all men had public duties to discharge, and no man was in station or rank inferior to his neighbour. Upon the approaching Presidential election his opinion was very decided, preferring the plain republicanism of Jackson to Adams, originally a federalist, and who had so long mixed with European courts. Jefferson early predicted, that the contest would be decided not by Jackson's popularity as a general, but by the belief, that the vote would be between the old republican and federalist parties.

Mr. Spencer gave us much interesting information respecting the habits of the agricultural part of the population of New-York state and of New-England, as to which we may be better able to judge with our own eyes after a long residence in the country. There is hardly a family engaged in the cultivation of the soil who does not send out emigrants to distant parts of the same state, or to other states, to clear lots of the forest, and make new settlements. The original settler frequently removes himself, leaving his improved land to members of his family, or selling it, but more generally, as his sons arrive at man's estate,—twenty one years of age,—and marry, he sets them off to the

wilderness in quest of new land, with a turnout of a wagon or two, a rifle-gun, and such horses, oxen, cows, implements, and furniture, as he can spare, but with very little money, not more than enough to enable them to pay the government price for the land,—probably a dollar and a quarter per acre,—and to assist them in erecting log-houses and fences. All the Americans work expertly with the axe, and get up a house very quickly after they fix on a settlement.—In a very few years, the settlement, improved in this way,—that is, with houses and fences erected, and the wood in part cut, and in part burnt, so that the land is capable of yielding crops,—becomes worth, according to soil and situation, twenty or thirty dollars an acre.

At length we approached the door of our hotel, and all of us felt regret at the idea of so soon being deprived of the agreeable society of our charioteer. As soon as we got out of the carriage, when we were within hearing of each other, I applied for, and had, the sanction of my fellow-travellers, to beg of him to favor us with his company at dinner, and to take a glass of wine with us. I hastened to the bar-room, where I found him smoking a cigar. I preferred my request in the most civil terms I could think of. He looked at me for a moment, and then expressed great surprise, that a foreigner should have asked his driver to dine with him. I urged our anxiety to have a little more of his agreeable company, and promised, that we should endeavour to impart to him all the information we could give, relative to the institutions of our own country, in return for the valuable communications he had made to us. But he finally declined, with perfect civility, though, at the same time, with that sort of manner, which prevented any attempt to press him. 'His family,' he said, 'expected him, and he must go home. Perhaps, sir,' he added, 'you was not aware that the high sheriff of the county was your driver to-day. We are very neighbourly here. The horses expected for you this morning had not come in, and I could not refuse my neighbour (mentioning his name) when he applied to me. I have good horses, and would have been sorry to disappoint a stranger.' Having finished his cigar, Mr. Spencer took leave of me with a shake of the hand. We found, on inquiry, that he was a general merchant in the village, and had mills and a store. His neighbours had singled him out,—not on account of his education, which was not superior to that of his fellow-citizens, but on account of his shrewdness and good character,—to make him a justice of peace, which confers the title of a judge. As justice of peace he gave so great satisfaction that they promoted him to be their high sheriff. In the latter capacity he had business this morning to transact at Caldwell, the county town of the county of Warren, where the jail committed to his charge is situated. This explains the anxiety he expressed to be off early. The little boy on the driving seat was the son of a prisoner in jail, to whom he was carrying linens. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, let the cobbler stick to the last; has no part in the republican character of America. To please those whom that saying pleases, a play was got up in England at the close of the revolutionary war, in which Americans holding the most distinguished places, military commanders, &c., were represented as cobblers, tailors, &c. John Bull was delighted.—He forgot his expenditure of two hundred millions, the loss of his colonies, and their three millions of people; but a sly Yankee in the gallery roared out, 'Great Britain drubbed by tailors, cobblers, and tinkers, hurrah!' Honest John then found out, after a moment's reflection, that he had been laughing at his own expense.

Washington himself was a country surveyor; Franklin a journeyman printer; General Greene a blacksmith; Roger Sherman, of the first Congress that declared independence, was a shoemaker. Princes may make dukes, but all the kings in the world cannot make a Washington, a Franklin, or a Fulton.

Jefferson notices, in one of his letters, that instances have occurred of a shoemaker, or other artisan, removed by the voice of his country from his work-bench into a chair of office, instantly commanding all the respect and obedience which the laws ascribe to his office.

It is not, however, to be taken for granted, that the high sheriff is always, or generally, as things now are, a person in Mr. Spencer's circumstances or situation in life. He is more frequently, as we understand, a man of landed property, a farmer often possessed of a legal education. Such dignitaries are still, however, occasionally taken from all classes of the people, the nomination being with the people, with whom a person of popular manners and address, and of upright character, is more likely to succeed in this country than a merely wealthy man, or one of considerable possessions. The inhabitants of New-York lately elected as their high sheriff, Mr. Noah, a Jew, who had formerly been the American consul at Tunis, and who is now editor of a newspaper at New-York."

THE FRENCH DENTIST.

"His equiptage was not an uncommon one in France for this class of artists. He drove into the middle of the press in a handsome open carriage, with a servant in livery behind, alternately blowing a trumpet and beating a drum, and exclaiming 'Room for the celebrated doctor!' The horse was then dismissed, the carriage converted at once into a stage and a shop, and the great man commenced his harangue. He expatiated on the grandeur and importance of the art of tooth-drawing—on his own unrivalled skill, renowned throughout all Europe—on the infatuation of those unhappy beings who delayed, even for a single instant to take advantage of an opportunity thus offered to them by Providence. He flourished his iron instrument in the air, comparing it to the rod of Aaron: he likened the listeners themselves to a crowd of infidels of old, gathering about an apostle, and struggling sinfully, not only against his word, but in spite of their own teeth. 'Alas! my friends,' said he, 'when I shall have turned my back, you will repent in dust and ashes; but repentance will then be too late. You fancy you have not the toothache! Poor creatures! my heart bleeds for you! In your culpable ignorance you believe that no one is unwell who is not in an agony of pain. You imagine that pain is the disease, whereas it is only one of the symptoms; and yet I see by the faces of many of you—I may say most of you—that you have not only the toothache, but the symptomatic twinge. This is the case with you, and you, and you, and more than you. Tell me, am I not correct? Only think of your gums! Do you not feel a sensation of tickling, as it were, at the root of your teeth, or of coldness at top, as if the air was already penetrating through the breaches of time or disease? This is the toothache. This sensation will increase, till it ends in torture and despair. Then you will inquire for the doctor, but the doctor will not hear: then you will intrust the operation to some miserable quack, who will break your jaws in pieces; or, if you endure in silence, the pain will produce fever—fever will bring on madness—and madness terminate in death!' His eloquence was irresistible; in ten minutes every soul of us had the toothache. Several sufferers rushed forward at the same instant to crave relief.—One of them, a fine looking young fellow, gained the race; but not till he had broken from the arms of a peasant girl, who, having either less faith or more philosophy, implored him to consider, in the first place, whether he had really the toothache. Grimly smiled the doctor when the head of his patient was fairly between his knees; and ruefully did the latter gaze up from the helpless position into his executioner's face. We all looked with open mouths and in dead silence upon the scene, all, except the young girl, who with averted head, awaited, pale, trembling, and in

tears, the event. The doctor examined the unfortunate mouth, and adjusted his instrument to the tooth which it was his pleasure to extract. The crowd set their teeth, grinned horribly, and awaited the wrench; but the operator, withdrawing his hand, recommenced the lecture with greater unction than ever. A second time was this unmerciful reprieve granted, and then a third time, and the condemned groaned aloud. We could stand no more: we were already in a paroxysm of the toothache; and feeling a strange fascination creeping over us as we looked upon the glittering steel, we fairly took to our heels and fled from the spot."—*Ritche's Wanderings on the Loire.*

THE MONSTER.

[Translated from the French.]

I am the eldest of a large family, distinguished for its rank and fortune. My brothers and sisters are remarkable for personal beauty. Why then was I thrown deformed and hideous into this brilliant sphere, like discord in the harmony of creation, a personified curse, an object of disgust and horror?

Love! cursed be world of which I am the outcast and affright! friendship flies at my approach! even pity after a generous effort turns away with a shudder! I meet every where the laugh of contempt and the trepidation of alarm; the chalice of life is filled for me only with poison, and I must drink the horrid ingredients to the last dregs!

At my birth the nurse refused me her breast; my mother saw me, and a-while lost her reason; my father cursed me as a monster unworthy of life. Physicians snatched me from death. Cursed be they for their cruel kindness! An old and lonely woman took compassion on me, and reared me. I grew, and the instinct of love grew with me. I loved every thing that met my sight; the earth, the green grass, the insect it sheltered, the wild beast!—every thing, from the animal that browsed at my feet, up to man born to look at that heaven to which I am an object of detestation; from the most abject to the noblest, I loved them all!—I knelt to my mother, and implored a single caress:—she shuddered! I turned to my father; he repelled me with horror! Even my dog whom I had chosen for his deformity fled with fear at my approach. Driven from the society of man, I lived, solitary and wretched like the reptile incarcerated in the stone in which it was born. Loathed by the human family, I gave myself up to a contemplation of the beauties of nature; the earth unfolded all its beauties to me, the writings of the best authors enlightened and embellished my mind.

I then resolved to travel. "I will seek," said I, "other countries, and other men who have not this proud resemblance to God and angels." I bade adieu to the only being who had reared me; she had become blind, and was in her dotage; she disdained not to place her trembling hand upon my deformed head; she blessed me! but could not refrain from adding: "Would to God you had never been born!" a maniacal laugh escaped me, and I rushed from the house.

One evening after wandering all day I found myself on leaving a wood near a pretty country-house, surrounded by a thick and flowery hedge. I heard voices in the garden; voices of women! I stopped and listened, they were discussing love, and the qualities that inspired it—one of them uttered these words, the charm of which came soothingly over my senses: "No! beauty shall never fix my choice, I must have

talents and affection, nothing else has value in my sight." "You could not, however," said another lady, "love a monster even were he a prodigy of talent and affection." "I feel I could," answered the sweet voice: "yes if I know my own heart well it could attach itself passionately to a man endowed with eminent qualities, be his deformity what it would."

That moment decided my fate. I concealed myself in the woods that skirted her dwelling, immured myself in the caverns of wild beasts, and passed my days in the madness of a delirious passion. When protecting darkness sheltered me from every eye, I was near her, watched every footstep, and crept under the foilage to hear the melody of her voice; I passed whole nights reclining beneath her chamber window, and often tender and plaintive music interrupted her slumbers.

I told her in my verses and in my letters that I had overheard her conversation, and repeated to her a hundred times that I was more hideous than the fantastic demon engendered by the erratic imagination of a northern savage; but I also told her that I adored her, that she was the whole universe to me! and my voice had a sweetness and harmony that belied the avowal of my deformity.

She answered me! and her words created around me a new and beautiful existence. She avowed to me that beauty was worthless in her eyes, and that the soul alone deserved her love; that a man who felt and wrote as I did never could be hateful to her. Madman! idiot! I believed her words; wrapped up in a large cloak that completely concealed my person I was audacious enough to meet her every night in a dark grove into which but a few straggling rays of moonlight could penetrate.

"Go," said she to me one evening, "go and obtain from men the passionate admiration with which you have inspired me; justify my choice by a bright renown; then return, claim my promise, and I am yours." "Swear it," exclaimed I. She took a solemn and irrevocable oath. My heart bounded! I pressed her hand, left her, and for many days my fate was a mystery to her.

I chose a distant retreat; I plunged deeper than ever into the abyss of science, and soared high into the ethereal regions of poetry. Innumerable pages were impressed with the sublime thoughts that for a long time I had hoarded up in secret; I presented them to the world; they were received with transport.

I returned to her, but mysteriously as before. I proved to her that it was I who had filled the world with my fame. Her heart had already guessed it. I claimed my reward;—the sunniest night concealed our union! the heaven was starless, the earth noiseless, the foilage without a rustle! she reclined upon my bosom, and no feeling of horror disturbed her repose. Our interviews became frequent; I was happy!—but the fruit of our fatal love would soon betray our secret! it became indispensable to consecrate our union by human ceremonies as it had already been by nature.

The appointed hour arrived; she repaired to the church attended by only two witnesses, and her old disconsolate father, who consented to our ill-omened marriage because dishonor was to him the greatest of all misfortunes. She had prepared them to see a being hideous and deformed, but she had not prepared them to see me!—I entered; every eye except hers

was turned towards me; a cry of horror reechoed through the building; the priest closed the holy book and involuntarily muttered an exorcism. The father fell insensible to the ground. The witnesses rushed out of the chapel. It was night; the lamps shed but a feeble and doubtful light, I approached my betrothed who trembling and in tears, had not yet dared to cast her eyes upon me. "Look my beloved," exclaimed I, "behold your husband!" I lifted her veil, she saw me and shuddering fell lifeless. I rushed out, and plunged into the woods.

At our accustomed hour of meeting I stole towards the house. Her chamber window was open; I entered; nobody was there, and yet a dim light filled the room; candles were placed around the bed of my betrothed; she was dead!—no groan escaped my bosom—no; I felt a kind of cruel joy as I beheld the only one that loved me in the wide world cold, stark, and about to become food for worms!—I turned; a black cloth covered the table; I raised it, and beheld another corpse; it was that of my child! the resemblance to me was perfect; the horrible mouth, the hideous features, the livid skin, the crooked, lank and hairy limbs were all there; it was really worthy its father! I seized my wife and child; I carried them into the forest; I concealed them in a deep cavern; grovelling on the ground by their side I played with the worms that were devouring them!

I lived for some time happy; but soon they discovered I was the divine poet whose reputation filled the world. I no longer enjoyed repose. An immense crowd besieged my dwelling; all eyes were fixed upon me; they looked, and shouts of laughter burst forth on every side; the air itself became peopled with infernal spirits whose mockeries drove me to madness—and from that day they have not left me, nor have I a single hour of solitude!

EARLY RISING.

From the "Last Essays of Elia."

[Answer to the popular fallacy that we should rise with the lark.]

"At what precise minute that little airy musician dolls his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman, that has no orchestra-business to call him from his bed to such preposterous exercises, we take ten, or half after ten, (eleven of course during Christmas solstice) to be the very earliest hour at which he can think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest, requires another half hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer especially, some hours before that we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Pæric. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun, as 'tis called, to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption, in aspiring to regulate our frail walking courses by the measures

of that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually in strange qualms, before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have followed their sleep by wholesale, we choose to linger bedded, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine our wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them.

Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp down too fast, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the end of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of brighter fantasy, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into day-light a struggling and half-vanishing night-mare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy scenes. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concern; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. * * * We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed gray before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Our clock appears to have struck. We are superannuated. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dramas seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we cling to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

COMPOSITE PUN.—"Weeping is the cry-tear-eye-on of grief."

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